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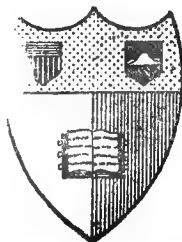
An entirely original comic opera in two



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Newly Revised and Only Authorized and Correct Edition.

An Entirely Original Comic Opera.

IN TWO ACTS,

ENTITLED

THE GONDOLIERS;

OR, THE

KING OF BARATARIA.

WRITTEN BY

W. S. GILBERT.

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

CINCINNATI:

Published by THE JOHN CHURCH CO., 74 W. Fourth St.

CHICAGO:

Root & Sons Music Co.,

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The J. Church Co.,

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*Joint Authors of "Thespis ; or, the Gods Grown Old" :
"Trial by Jury" : "The Sorcerer" : "H.M.S. Pinafore ; or, The
Lass that loved a Sailor" : "The Pirates of Penzance ; or, The
Slave of Duty" : "Patience ; or, Bunthorne's Bride" : "Io-
lanthe ; or, The Peer and the Peri" : "Princess Ida ; or,
Castle Adamant" : "The Mikado ; or, The Town of
Titipu" : "Ruddygore ; or, The Witch's Curse" ;
and "The Yeomen of the Guard ; or, The Merry-
man and His Maid."*

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NEW YORK.

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*First performed at the Savoy Theatre, London, under the management
of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, on Saturday, December 7th, 1889.*

THE GONDOLIERS;

OR

THE KING OF BARATARIA.

Dramatis Personæ.

THE DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO (<i>a Grandee of Spain</i>)		MR. FRANK WYATT.
LUIZ (<i>his Attendant</i>)		MR. BROWNLOW.
DON ALHAMBRA DEL BÓLERO (<i>the Grand In-</i> <i>quisitor</i>)	}	MR. DENNY.
MARCO PALMIERI		}
GIUSEPPE PALMIERI	MR. RUTLAND PARRINGTON.	
ANTONIO	MR. METCALF.	
FRANCESCO	MR. ROSE.	
GIORGIO	MR. DE PLEDGE.	
ANNIBALE	MR. WILBRAHAM.	
OTTAVIO	MR. C. GILBERT.	
THE DUCHESS OF PLAZA-TORO - - -		MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM.
CASILDA (<i>her Daughter</i>) - - -		MISS DECIMA MOORE.
GIANETTA	}	MISS GERALDINE UHLMAR.
TESSA		MISS JESSIE BOND.
FIAMETTA		MISS LAWRENCE.
VITTORIA		MISS COLE.
GIULIA		MISS PHYLLIS.
INEZ (<i>the King's Foster-mother</i>) - - -		MISS BERNARD.

Chorus of Gondoliers and Contadine, Men-at-Arms, Heralds and Pages.

ACT I.—THE PIAZZEATT, VENICE.

ACT II.—PAVILION IN THE PALACE OF BARATARIA.

(*An interval of three months is supposed to elapse between Acts I. and II.*)

DATE 1750.

The Scenery painted by Mr. HAWES CRAVEN (by permission of Mr. HENRY IRVING). The Dresses designed by Mr. PERCY ANDERSON and executed by MISS FISHER, Madame LEON and Mr. BARTHE. The Dances arranged by Mr. WARDE. The Properties by Mr. LABHART.

THE GONDOLIERS;

OR,

THE KING OF BARATARIA.

ACT I.

SCENE.—THE PIAZZETTA, VENICE. *The Ducal Palace on the right.*

FIAMETTA, GIULIA, VITTORIA, and other Contadine discovered, each tying a boquet of roses.

CHORUS OF CONTADINE.

List and learn, ye dainty roses,
Roses white and roses red,
Why we bind you into posies
Ere your morning bloom has fled.
By a law of maiden's making
Accents of a heart that's aching,
Even though that heart be breaking,
Should by maiden be unsaid :
Though they love with love exceeding,
They must seem to be unheeding—
Go ye then and do their pleading,
Roses white and roses red !

FIAMETTA.

Two there are for whom, in duty,
Every maid in Venice sighs—
Two so peerless in their beauty
That they shame the summer skies.
We have hearts for them, in plenty,
We, alas, are four-and-twenty !
They have hearts, but all too few,
They, alas, are only two !

CHORUS.

Now ye know, ye dainty roses,
Why we bind you into posies
Ere your morning bloom has fled,
Roses white and roses red !

(During this chorus ANTONIO, FRANCESCO, GIORGIO and other Gondoliers have entered unobserved by the girls—at first two, then two more then four, then half-a-dozen, then the remainder of the chorus),

RECIT.

- FRANC. Good morrow, pretty maids ; for whom prepare ye
These floral tributes extraordinary ?
- FIA. For Marco and Guiseppe Palmieri.
The pink and flower of all the Gondolieri.
- GIU. They're coming here as we have heard but lately,
To choose two brides from us who sit sedately.
- ANT. Do all you maidens love them ?
- ALL. Passionately !
- ANT. These Gondoliers are to be envied greatly !
- ALL THE MEN. But what of us, who one and all adore you ?
Have pity on our passion, I implore you !
- ALL THE GIRLS. These gentlemen must make their choice before you ;
In the meantime we tacitly ignore you.
- GIU. When they have chosen two that leaves you plenty—
Two dozen we, and ye are four-and-twenty.
- FIA & VITT. Till then, enjoy you *dolce far niente*.
- ANT. With pleasure, nobody *contradicente* !

SONG.—ANTONIO.

For the merriest fellows are we, tra la,
That ply on the emerald sea, tra la ;
With loving and laughing,
And quipping and quaffing,
We're happy, as happy can be, tra la—
As happy as happy can be !
With sorrow we've nothing to do, tra la,
And care is a thing to pooh-pooh, tra la ;
And jealousy yellow,
Unfortunate fellow,
We drown in the shimmering blue, tra la,—
We drown in the shimmering blue !

- FIA. (*looking off*) See, see, at last they come to make their choice—
Let us acclaim them with united voice.

(MARCO and GIUSEPPE appear in gondola at back).

- ALL THE GIRLS. Hail, gallant gondolieri, ben' venuti !
Accept our love, our homage, and our duty.

(MARCO and GIUSEPPE jump ashore—the girls salute them).

DUET.—GIUSEPPE AND MARCO AND CHORUS OF GIRLS).

- GIU. AND MAR. Buon' giorno, signorine !
GIRLS, Gondolieri carissimi !
Siamo contadine !

GIU. & MAR. (*bowing*). Servituri umilissimi !
 Per chi questi fiori—
 Questi fiori bellissimi ?
 GIRLS. Per lei, bell' signori
 O eccellentissimi !

[*The girls present their bouquets to GIUSEPPE and MARCO, who are overwhelmed with them, and carry them with difficulty.*]

GIU. & MAR. (*their arms full of flowers*). O ciel !
 GIRLS. Buon' giorno, cavalieri !
 GIU. & MAR. (*deprecatingly*). Siamo gondolieri.
 (*to FIA. & VITT*). Signorina, io t'amo !
 GIRLS. (*deprecatingly*). Contadine siamo.
 GIU. & MAR. Signorine !
 GIRLS (*deprecatingly*). Contadine !
 (*curtseying to GIU. and MAR*). Cavalieri.
 GIU. & MAR, (*deprecatingly*). Gondolieri !
 Poveri gondolieri !
 CHORUS. Buon' giorno, signorine, &c.

Ensemble, MARCO and GIUSEPPE.

We're called gondolieri,
 But that's a vagary,
 It's quite honorary
 The trade that we ply.

For galantry noted
 Since we were short-coated,
 To ladies devoted,
 My brother and I !

When morning is breaking,
 Our couches forsaking,
 To greet their awaking
 With carols we come.

At summer day's nooning,
 When weary lagooning,
 Our mandolins tuning,
 We lazily thrum.

When vespers are ringing,
 To hope ever clinging,
 With songs of our singing
 A vigil we keep.

When daylight is fading,
 Enwrap in night's shading,
 With soft serenading
 We lull them to sleep.

We're called gondolieri, &c.

RECIT.—MARCO AND GUISEPPE.

And now to choose our brides !
 As all are young and fair,
 And amiable besides,
 We really do not care
 A preference to declare.
 A bias to disclose
 Would be indelicate—
 And therefore we propose
 To let impartial Fate
 Select for us a mate!

ALL.

Viva !
 A bias to disclose
 Would be indelicate—
 But how do they propose
 To let impartial Fate
 Select for them a mate ?

MAR. These handkerchiefs upon our eyes be good enough to bind,
 And take good care that both of us are absolutely blind;

GIU Then turn us round—and we, with all convenient despatch,
 Will undertake to marry any two of you we catch !

ALL. Viva !
 They undertake to marry any two of us they catch !

(The girls prepare to bind their eyes as directed).

QUARTETTE.

TER. *(to MARCO)*. Are you peeping ?
 Can you see me ?

MAR. Dark I'm keeping,
 Dark and dreamy !

(MARCO slyly lifts bandage).

VIT. *(to GUISEPPE)*. If you're blinded
 Truly say so.

GIU. All right-minded
 Players play so ! *(slyly lifts bandage).*

FIA. *(detecting MARCO)*. Conduct shady !
 They are cheating !
 Surely they de-
 Serve a beating ! *(replaces bandage).*

VIT. *(detecting GIUSEPPE)*. This too much is ;
 Maidens mocking—
 Conduct such is
 Truly shocking !

(replaces bandages).

ALL.

You can spy, sir !
 Shut your eye, sir !
 You may use it by-and-bye, sir !
 You can see, sir !
 Don't tell me, sir !
 That will do—now let it be, sir !

ALL THE GIRLS.

My papa he keeps three horses,
 Black, and white, and dapple grey, sir !
 Turn three times, then take your courses,
 Catch whatever girl you may, sir !

GIUSEPPE and MARCO turn round, as directed, and try to catch the girls. *Business of blind-man's buff.* Eventually MARCO catches GIANETTA, and GIUSEPPE catches TESSA. The two girls try to escape, but in vain. The two men pass their hands over the girls' faces to discover their identity.

GIU.

I've at length achieved a capture !

(*Guessing*) This is Tessa ! (*removes bandage*). Rapture, rapture !

MAR.

(*Guessing*) Gianetta fate has granted ! (*removes bandage*)
 Just the very girl I wanted !

GIU.

(*politely to MAR.*) If you'd rather change—

TESSA.

My goodness !

This indeed is simple rudeness.

MAR.

(*politely to GIU.*) I've no preferencé whatever—

GIA.

Listen to him ! Well, I never !

(*Each man kisses each girl*).

DUET.—TESSA AND GIANETTA.

GIA.

Thank you, gallant gondolieri :

In a set and formal measure

It is scarcely necessary

To express our pride and pleasure.

Each of us to prove a treasure,

Conjugal and monetary,

Gladly will devote our leisure,

Gay and gallant gondolieri.

La, la, la, la, la ! &c.

TESSA.

Gay and gallant gondolieri,

Take us both and hold us tightly,

You have luck extraordinary ;

We might both have been unsightly

If we judge your conduct rightly,

'Twas a choice involuntary ;

Still we thank you most politely,

Gay and gallant gondolieri !

La, la, la, la, la !

ALL THE GIRLS. To these gallant gondolieri
 In a set and formal measure,
 It is scarcely necessary
 To express their pride and pleasure.
 Each of us to prove a treasure,
 Conjugal and monetary,
 Gladly will devote her leisure
 To the *other* gondolieri !
 La ! la ! la ! la ! la ! &c.

CHORUS.—MEN AND WOMEN.

Fate in this has put his finger—
 Let us bow to Fate's decree,
 Then no longer let us linger,
 To the altar hurry we !

(*They all dance off two and two—GIANETTA with MARCO, TESSA with GIUSEPPE*).

Flourish. A gondola arrives at the Piazzetta steps, from which enter the DUKE OF PLAZA-TORA, the DUCHESS, their daughter CASILDA, and their attendant LUIZ, who carries a drum. All are dressed in pompous but old and faded clothes.

ENTREE.

DUKE. From the sunny Spanish shore,
 His Grace of Plaza-Tor'—
 DUCH. And His Grace's Duchess true—
 CAS. And His Grace's daughter, too—
 LUIZ. And His Grace's private drum
 To Venetia's shores have come :
 ALL. And if ever, ever, ever
 They get back to Spain,
 They will never, never, never
 Cross the sea again—
 DUKE. Neither that Grandee from the Spanish shore,
 The noble Duke of Plaza Tor'—
 DUCH. Nor his Grace's Duchess, staunch and true—
 CAS. You may add, his Grace's daughter, too—
 LUIZ. And his Grace's own particular drum
 To Venetia's shore any more will come.
 ALL. And if ever, ever, ever
 They get back to Spain,
 They will never, never, never
 Cross the sea again !

DUKE. At last we arrived at our destination. This is the Ducal Palace, and it is here that the Grand Inquisitor resides. As a Castilian hidalgo of ninety-five quarterings, I regret that I am unable to pay my state visit on a horse. As a Castilian hidalgo of that description, I should have preferred to ride through the streets of Venice; but owing, I presume, to an unusually wet season, the streets are in such a condition that equestrian exercise is impracticable. No matter. Where is our suite?

LUIZ. (*coming forward*). Your Grace, I am here.

DUCH. Why do you not do yourself the honor to kneel when you address his Grace?

DUKE. My love, it is so small a matter! (*to LUIZ*) Still you may as well do it. (*LUIZ kneels*).

CAS. The young man seems to entertain but an imperfect appreciation of the respect due from a menial to a Castilian hidalgo.

DUKE. My child, you are hard upon our suite.

CAS. Papa, I've no patience with the presumption of persons in his plebeian position. If he does not appreciate that position, let him be whipped until he does.

DUKE. Let us hope the omission was not intended as a slight. I should be much hurt if I thought it was. So would he. (*to LUIZ*) Where are the halberdiers who were to have had the honor of meeting us here, that our visit to the Grand Inquisitor might be made in becoming state?

LUIZ. Your Grace, the halberdiers are mercenary people who stipulated for a trifle down.

DUKE. How tiresome! Well, let us hope the Grand Inquisitor is a blind gentleman. And the band who were to have had the honor of escorting us? I see no band!

LUIZ. Your Grace, the band are sordid persons who required to be paid in advance.

DUCH. That's so like a band!

DUKE (*annoyed*). Insuperable difficulties meet me at every turn!

DUCH. But surely they know his Grace!

LUIZ. Exactly—they know his Grace.

DUKE. Well, let us hope that the Grand Inquisitor is a deaf gentleman. A cornet-à-piston would be something. You do not happen to possess the accomplishment of tootling like a cornet-à-piston?

LUIZ. Alas no, your Grace! But I can imitate a farmyard.

DUKE (*doubtfully*). I don't see how that would help us. I don't see how we could bring it in.

CAS. It would not help us in the least. We are not a parcel of farmers come to market, stupid!

DUKE. My love, our suite's feelings! Be so good as to ring the bell and inform the Grand Inquisitor that his Grace the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Count Matadoro, Baron Picadoro—

DUCH. And suite—

DUKE. Have arrived at Venice, and beg—

CAS. Desire—

DUCH. Demand!

DUKE. And demand an audience.

LUIZ. Your Grace has but to command. (*rising*).

DUKE. (*much moved*). I felt sure of it—I felt sure of it! (*Exit LUIZ into Ducal Palace*). And now, my love—(*aside to DUCHESS*), Shall we tell her? I think so—(*aloud to CASILDA*). And now, my love, prepare for a magnificent surprise. It is my agreeable duty to reveal to you a secret which should make you the happiest young lady in Venice!

CAS. A secret?

DUCH. A secret which, for State reasons, it has been necessary to preserve for twenty years.

DUKE. When you were a prattling babe of six months old you were married by proxy to no less a personage than the infant son and heir of His Majesty the immeasurably wealthy King of Barataria!

CAS. Married to the infant son of the King of Barataria? It was a most unpardonable liberty!

DUKE. Consider his extreme youth and forgive him. Shortly after the ceremony that misguided monarch abandoned the creed of his forefathers, and became a Methodist of the most bigoted and persecuting type. The Grand Inquisitor determined that the innovation should not be perpetuated in Barataria, caused your smiling and unconscious husband to be stolen and conveyed to Venice. A fortnight since the Methodist Monarch and all his Wesleyan Court were killed in an insurrection, and we are here to ascertain the whereabouts of your husband, and to hail you our daughter, as Her Majesty, the reigning Queen of Barataria! (*kneels*).

DUCH. Your Majesty! (*kneels*).

DUKE. It is at such moments as these that one feels how necessary it is to travel with a full band.

CAS. I, the Queen of Barataria! But I've nothing to wear! We are absolutely penniless!

DUKE. That point has not escaped me. Although I am unhappily in straitened circumstances at present, my social influence is something enormous; and a corporation to be called the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Limited, is in course of formation to work me. An influential syndicate has been secured, and I shall myself be an important part of assets.

CAS. Am I to understand that the Queen of Barataria may be called upon at any time to witness her honored sire in the hands of a receiver?

DUCH. The speculation is not exempt from that drawback. If your father should stop, it will, of course, be necessary to wind him up.

CAS. But its so undignified—it's so degrading! A grandee of Spain turned into a stock company! Such a thing was never heard of.

DUKE. My child, the Duke of Plaza-Toro does not follow fashions—he leads them. He always leads everybody. When he was in the army he led his regiment. He occasionally led them into action. He invariably led them out of it.

SONG.—DUKE OF PLAZA TORO.

In enterprize of martial kind,
 When there was any fighting,
 He led his regiment from behind—
 He found it less exciting.
 But when away his regiment ran,
 His place was at the fore, O—
 That celebrated,
 Cultivated,
 Underrated,
 Nobleman,
 The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

ALL. In the first and foremost flight, ha, ha!
 You always found that knight, ha, ha!
 That celebrated,
 Cultivated,
 Underrated
 Nobleman,
 The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

When to evade Destruction's hand
 To hide they all proceeded,
 No Soldier in that gallant band
 Hid half as well as he did.
 He lay concealed throughout the war,
 And so preserved his gore, O!
 That unaffected,
 Undetected,
 Well-connected
 Warrior,
 The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

ALL. In every doughty deed, ha, ha!
 He always took the lead ha, ha!
 That unaffected,
 Undetected,
 Well-connected
 Warrior,
 The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

When told that they would all be shot
 Unless they left the service,
 That hero hesitated not,
 So marvelous his nerve is.
 He sent his resignation in,
 Tho' first of all his corps, O!
 That very knowing,
 Over-flowing
 Easy-going,
 Paladin,
 The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

ALL. To men of grosser clay, ha, ha!
 He always showed the way, ha, ha!
 That very knowing,
 Over-flowing,
 Easy-going,
 Paladin,
 The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

(*Exeunt DUKE and DUCHESS into Grand Ducal Palace. As soon as they have disappeared, LUIZ and CASILDA rush to each other's arms.*)

CAS. O Luiz, Luiz. What have I done! What have I allowed you to do!

LUIZ. Nothing, I trust, that you will ever have reason to repent. (*Offering to embrace her.*)

CAS. (*withdrawing from him.*) Nay, Luiz, it may not be. I have embraced you for the last time.

LUIZ *amazed*). Casilda!

CAS. I have just learnt, to my surprise and indignation, that I was wed in babyhood to the infant son of the King of Barataria!

LUIZ. The son of the King of Barataria? The child who was stolen in infancy by the Inquisition!

CAS. The same. But, of course, you know his story.

LUIZ. Know his story? Why I have often told you that my mother was the nurse to whose charge he was entrusted!

CAS. True. I had forgotten. Well, he has been discovered, and my father has brought me here to claim his hand.

LUIZ. But you will not recognize this marriage? It took place when you were too young to understand its import.

CAS. Nay, Luiz, respect my principles, and cease to torture me with vain entreaties. Henceforth my life is another's.

LUIZ. But stay—the present and the future—*they* are another's; but the past—that at least is ours, and none can take it from us. As we may revel in naught else, let us revel in that!

CAS. I don't think I grasp your meaning.

LUIZ. Yet it is logical enough. You say you do not love me?

CAS. (*demurely*). I say I *may* not love you.

LUIZ. But you do not say you *did* not love *me*?

CAS. I loved you with a frenzy that words are powerless to express—and that but ten brief minutes since!

LUIZ. Exactly. My own—that is, until ten minutes since, my own—my lately loved, my recently adored—tell me that until, say a quarter of an hour ago, I was all in all to thee! (*embracing her.*)

CAS. I see your idea. It's ingenious, but don't do that.
(releasing herself)

LUIZ. There can be no harm in revelling in the past.

CAS. None whatever, but an embrace cannot be taken to act retrospectively.

LUIZ. Perhaps not !

CAS. We may recollect an embrace—I recollect many—but we must not repeat them.

LUIZ. Then let us recollect a few !

(A moment's pause as they recollect, then both heave a deep sigh).

LUIZ. Ah, Casilda, you were to me as the sun is to the earth !

CAS. A quarter of an hour ago.

LUIZ. About that.

CAS. And to think that, but for this miserable discovery, you would have been my own for life !

LUIZ. Through life to death—a quarter of an hour ago !

CAS. How greedily my thirsty ears would have drunk the golden melody of those sweet words a quarter—well, it's now about twenty minutes since. *(Looking at her watch).*

LUIZ. About that. In such a matter one cannot be too precise.

DUET.—CASILDA AND LUIZ.

LUIZ. There was a time—
 A time forever gone—ah, woe is me !
 It was no crime
 To love but thee alone—ah, woe is me !
 One heart, one life, one soul,
 One aim, one goal—
 Each in the other's thrall,
 Each all in all, ah, woe is me !

ENSEMBLE. Oh, bury, bury—let the grave close o'er
 The days that were—that never will be more !
 Oh, bury, bury love that all condemn,
 And let the whirlwind mourn its requiem !

CAS. Dead as the last year's leaves—
 As gathered flowers—ah, woe is me !
 Dead as the garnered sheaves,
 That love of ours—ah, woe is me !
 Born but to fade and die
 When hope was high,
 Dead and as far away
 As yesterday !—ah, woe is me !

ENSEMBLE. Oh, bury, bury—let the grave close o'er, &c.

(*Re-enter from the Ducal Palace the DUKE and DUCHESS, followed by DON ALHAMBRA BOLERO, the Grand Inquisitor.*)

DUKE. My child, allow me to present to you His Distinction Don Alhambra Bolero, the Grand Inquisitor of Spain. It was His Distinction who so thoughtfully abstracted your infant husband and brought him to Venice.

DON AL. So this is the little lady who is so unexpectedly, called upon to assume the functions of Royalty! And a very nice little lady too!

DUKE. Jimp, isn't she?

DON AL. Distinctly jimp. Allow me (*proceeds to inspect her—she turns away scornfully*). Naughty temper!

DUKE. You must make some allowance. Her Majesty's head is a little turned by her access of dignity.

DON AL. I could have wished that Her Majesty's access of dignity had turned it in this direction.

DUCH. Unfortunately, if I am not mistaken, there appears to be some little doubt as to His Majesty's whereabouts.

GAS. A doubt as to his whereabouts? Then I may yet be saved?

DON AL. A doubt? Oh dear no—no doubt at all! He is here, in Venice, plying the modest but picturesque calling of a gondolier. I can give you his address—I see him every day! In the entire annals of our history there is absolutely no circumstance so entirely free from all manner of doubt of any kind whatever! Listen, and I'll tell you all about it.

SONG.—GRAND INQUISITOR.

I stole the Prince, and I brought him here
 And left him, gaily prattling
 With a highly respectable gondolier,
 Who promised the Royal babe to rear,
 And teach him the trade of a timoneer
 With his own beloved bratling.

Both of the babes were strong and stout,
 And, considering all things, clever.
 Of that there is no manner of doubt—
 No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
 No possible doubt whatever.

Time sped, and when at the end of a year
 I sought that infant cherished,
 That highly respectable gondolier
 Was lying a corpse on his humble bier—

I dropped a Grand Inquisitor's tear—
 That gondolier had perished !
 A taste for drink, combined with gout,
 Had doubled him up for ever.
 Of *that* there is no manner of doubt—
 No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
 No possible doubt whatever.

But owing, I'm much disposed to fear,
 To his terrible taste for tippling,
 That highly respectable gondolier
 Could never declare with a mind sincere
 Which of the two was his offspring dear,
 And which the Royal stripling !

Which was which he could never make out,
 Despite his best endeavor.
 Of *that* there is no manner of doubt—
 No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
 No possible doubt whatever.

The children followed his old career—
 (This statement can't be parried)
 Of a highly respectable gondolier ;
 Well, one of the two (who will soon be here)—
 But *which* of the two is not quite clear—
 Is the Royal Prince you married !

Search in and out and round about
 And you'll discover never
 A tale so free from every doubt—
 All probable, possible shadow of doubt—
 All possible doubt whatever !

CAS. Then do you mean to say that I am married to one of two gondoliers, but it is impossible to say which ?

DON AL. Without any doubt of any kind whatever. But be reassured, the nurse to whom your husband was entrusted is the mother of the musical young man who is such a past-master of this delicately modulated instrument (*indicating the drum*). She can, no doubt, establish the King's identity beyond all question.

LUIZ. Heavens, how did he know that ?

DON AL. My young Friend, a Grand Inquisitor is always up to date (*to CAS.*). His mother is at present the wife of a highly respectable and old-established brigand, who carries on an extensive practice in the mountains around Cordova. Accompanied by two of my emissaries, he will set off at once for his mother's address. She will return with them, and if she finds any difficulty in making up her mind, the persuasive influence of the torture chamber will jog her memory.

RECITATIVE.

- CAS. But, bless my heart, consider my position !
 I am the wife of one, that's very clear ;
 But who can tell, except by intuition,
 Which is the Prince, and which the Gondolier ?
- DON AL. Submit to Fate without unseemly wrangle :
 Such complications frequently occur—
 Life is one closely complicated tangle :
 Death is the only true unraveller !

QUINTETTE.

DUKE, DUCHESS, CASILDA, INQUISITOR, LUIZ.

Try we life-long, we can never
 Straighten out life's tangled skein,
 Why should we, in vain endeavor,
 Guess and guess and guess again ?
 Life's a pudding full of plums,
 Care's a canker that benumbs.
 Wherefore waste our elocution
 On impossible solution ?
 Life's a pleasant institution,
 Let us take it as it comes

Set aside the dull enigma,
 We shall guess it all too soon ;
 Failure brings no kind of stigma—
 Dance we to another tune !
 String the lyre and fill the cup,
 Lest on sorrow we should sup.
 Hop and skip to Fancy's fiddle.
 Hands across and down the middle—
 Life's perhaps the only riddle
 That we shrink from giving up !

(Exeunt all except GRAND INQUISITOR into Ducal Palace. Chorus of Gondoliers heard without).

(Enter Procession of Gondoliers and Contadine, crossing the stage).

CHORUS.

Bridegroom and bride !
 Knot that's insoluble,
 Voices all voluble
 Hail it with pride.
 Bridegroom and bride !
 Hail it with merriment ;
 It's an experiment
 Frequently tried.

Bridegroom and bride !
 Bridegrooms all joyfully,
 Brides, rather coyfully,
 Stand at their side.
 Bridegroom and bride !
 We in sincerity,
 Wish you prosperity,
 Bridegroom and bride !

(Enter MARCO with GIANETTA, and GIUSEPPE with TESSA).

SONG.—TESSA.

When a merry maiden marries,
 Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries ;
 Every sound becomes a song,
 All is right and nothing's wrong !
 From to-day and ever after
 Let our tears be tears of laughter.
 Every sigh that finds a vent
 Be a sigh of sweet content !
 When you marry merry maiden,
 Then the air with love is laden ;
 Every flower is a rose,
 Every goose becomes a swan,
 Every kind of trouble goes
 Where the last year's snows have gone
 Sunlight takes the place of shade
 When you marry merry maid !

When a merry maiden marries
 Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries ;
 Every sound becomes a song—
 All is right, and nothing's wrong.
 Gnawing Care and aching Sorrow
 Get ye gone until to-morrow ;
 Jealousies in grim array,
 Ye are things of yesterday !
 When you marry merry maiden,
 Then the air with joy is laden ;
 All the corners of the earth
 Ring with music sweetly played,
 Worry is melodious mirth,
 Grief is joy in masquerade ;
 Sullen night is laughing day—
 All the year is merry May !

GIU. And now our lives are going to begin in real earnest? What's a bachelor? A mere nothing—he's a chrysalis. He can't be said to live—he exists.

MAR. What a delightful institution marriage is ! Why have we wasted all this time ? Why didn't we marry ten years ago ?

TESS. Because you couldn't find anybody nice enough.

GIA. Because you were waiting for *us*.

MAR. I suppose that *was* the reason. We were waiting for you without knowing it. (DON ALHAMBRA *comes forward*). Hallo !

GIU. If this gentlemen is an undertaker, it is a bad omen.

DON AL. Good morning. Festivities of some sort going on ?

GIU. Yes, a little unimportant family gathering—(*aside*) Nothing in *your* line. (*aside*) He *is* an undertaker !

DON AL. Somebody's birthday, I suppose ?

GIU. Yes, mine !

TESS. And mine !

GIA. And mine !

MAR. And mine !

DON AL. Curious coincidence ! And how old may you be ?

TESS.—It's a rude question—but about ten minutes.

DON AL. Remarkably fine children !

TESS. In other words, we were married about ten minutes since.

DON AL. Married ! You don't mean to say you are married ?

MAR. Oh yes, we are married.

DON AL. What, both of you ?

GIA. All four of us.

DON AL. (*aside*). Bless my heart, how extremely awkward !

GIA. You don't mind, I suppose ?

TESS. You were not thinking of either of us for yourself, I presume ? Oh, Guiseppe, look at him—he was ! He's heartbroken ?

DON AL. I wasn't, I wasn't !

GIU. Now, my man (*slapping him on the back*), we don't want anything in your line to-day, and if your curiosity's satisfied—you can go.

DON AL. You mustn't call me your man. It's a liberty. I don't think you know who I am.

GIU. Not we, indeed ? We are jolly gondoliers, the sons of Baptisto Palmieri, who led the last revolution. Republicans, heart and soul, we hold all men to be equal. As we abhor oppression, we abhor kings : as we detest vain glory, we detest rank : as we despise effeminacy, we despise wealth. We are Venetian gondoliers—your equals in everything except our calling, and in that at once your masters and your servants.

DON AL. Bless my heart, how unfortunate ! One of you may be Baptisto's son, for anything I know to the contrary ; but the other is no less a personage than the only son of the late King of Barataria,

ALL. What!

DON AL. And I trust—I *trust* it was that one who slapped me on the shoulder and called me his man!

GIU. One of us a king!

MAR. Not brothers!

TESS. The King of Barataria!

GIA. Well, who'd have thought it!

} *Together.*

MAR. But which is it?

DON AL. But as you are both Republicans, and hold kings in abhorrence, of course you'll abdicate at once (*going*).

TESS. & GIA. Oh, don't do that! (*MARCO and GUISEPPE stop him*).

GIU. Well, as to that, of course there are kings and kings. When I say that I detest kings, I mean I detest *bad* kings.

DON AL. I see. It's a delicate distinction.

GIU. Quite so. Now I can conceive a kind of king—an ideal king—the creature of my fancy, you know—who would be absolutely unobjectionable. A king, for instance, who would abolish taxes and make everything cheap, except gondolas—

MAR. And give a great many free entertainments to the gondoliers—

GIU. And let off fireworks on the Grand Canal, and engage all the gondolas for the occasion—

MAR. And scramble money on the Rialto among the gondoliers.—

GIU. Such a king would be a blessing to his people, and if I were a king, that is the sort of king I would be.

DON AL. Come, I'm glad to find your objections are not insuperable.

MAR. & GIAU. Oh, they're not insuperable.

TESS. & GIA. No, they're not insuperable.

GIU. Besides, we are open to conviction. Our views may have been hastily formed on insufficient grounds. They may be crude, ill-digested, erroneous. I've a very poor opinion of the politician who is not open to conviction.

TESS. (*to GIA*). Oh, he's a fine fellow.

GIA. Yes, that's the sort of politician for my money!

DON AL. Then we'll consider it settled. Now, as the country is in a state of insurrection, it is absolutely necessary that you should assume the reins of Government at once; and, until it is ascertained which of you is to be king, I have arranged that you will reign jointly, so that no question can arise hereafter as to the validity of any of your acts.

MAR. As one individual ?

DON AL. As one individual.

GIU. (*linking himself with MARCO*). Like this ?

DON AL. Something like that.

MAR. And we may take our friends with us, and give them places about the court ?

DON AL. Undoubtedly. That's always done.

MAR. I'm convinced !

GIU. So am I !

TESS. Then the sooner we're off the better.

GIA. We'll just run home and pack up a few things (*going*)—

DON AL. Stop, stop—that won't do at all—we can't have any ladies.

ALL. What !

DON AL. Not at present. Afterwards, perhaps. We'll see.

GIU. Why, you don't mean to say you are going to separate us from our wives !

DON AL. (*aside*). This is very awkward ! (*aloud*) Only for a time—a few months. After all, what is a few months ?

TESS. But we've only been married half an hour ! (*weeps*).

SONG.—GIANETTA.

Kind sir, you cannot have the heart
 Our lives to part
 From those to whom an hour ago
 We were united !
 Before our flowing hopes you stem,
 Ah, look at them,
 And pause before you deal this blow,
 All uninvited !
 You men can never understand,
 That heart and hand
 Cannot be separated when
 We go a-yearning ;
 You see, you've only women's eyes
 To idolize,
 And only women's hearts, poor men,
 To set *you* burning !
 Ah me, you men will never understand
 That woman's heart is one with woman's hand !
 Some charm you seem to find
 In womankind—
 Some source of unexplained delight
 (Unless you're jesting),

But what attracts you I confess,
 I cannot guess,
 To me a woman's face is quite
 Uninteresting !
 If from my sister I were torn,
 It could be borne—
 I should no doubt be horrified,
 But I could bear it;—
 But Marco's quite another thing—
 He is my king,
 He has my heart and none beside
 Shall ever share it !
 Ah me, you men will never understand
 That woman's heart is one with woman's hand !

RECIT.—GRAND INQUISITOR.

Do not give way to this uncalled for grief
 Your separation will be very brief.
 To ascertain which is the King
 And which the other,
 To Barataria's Court I'll bring
 His foster-mother ;
 Her former nursing to declare
 She'll be delighted.
 That settled, let each happy pair
 Be reunited.

MAR., GIU., TESS., GIA., Viva ! His argument is strong !
 Viva ! We'll not be parted long !
 Viva ! It will be settled soon !
 Viva ! Then comes our honeymoon !

[*Exit* DON ALHAMBRA.]

QUARTETTE.—TESSA, GIANETTE, MARCO, GIUSEPPE.

GIA. Then one of us will be a Queen,
 And sit on a golden throne,
 With a crown instead
 Of a hat on her head,
 And diamonds all her own !
 With a beautiful robe of gold and green,
 I've always understood ;
 I wonder whether
 She'd wear a feather ?
 I rather think she should !

ALL. Oh 'tis a glorious thing, I ween,
 To be a regular Royal Queen !
 No half-and-half affair, I mean,
 But a right-down regular Royal Queen !

MAR. She'll drive about in a carriage and pair
 With the King on her left-hand side
 And a milkwhite horse,
 As a matter of course,
 Whenever she wants to ride !
 With beautiful silver shoes to wear
 Upon her dainty feet ;
 With endless stocks
 Of beautiful frocks
 And as much as she wants to eat !

ALL. Oh 'tis a glorious thing, I ween, &c.

TESS. Whenever she condescends to walk,
 Be sure she'll shine at that,
 With her haughty stare,
 And her nose in the air,
 Like a well-born aristocrat !
 At elegant high society talk
 She'll bear away the bell,
 With her " How de do ?"
 And her " How are you ?"
 And her " Hope I see you well !"

ALL. Oh ! 'tis a glorious thing, I ween, &c.

GIU. And noble lords will scrape and bow,
 And double them into two,
 And open their eyes
 In blank surprise
 At whatever she likes to do.
 And everybody will roundly vow
 She's fair as flowers in May,
 And say " How clever !"
 At whatsoever
 She condescends to say !

Oh ! 'tis a glorious thing, I ween,
 To be a regular Royal Queen—
 No half-and-half affair, I mean,
 But a right-down regular Royal Queen ?

(*Enter chorus of Gondoliers and Contadine.*)

CHORUS.

Now, pray, what is the cause of this remarkable hilarity ?
 This sudden ebullition of unmitigated jollity ?
 Has anybody blessed you with a sample of his charity—
 Or have you been adopted by a gentleman of quality ?

ENSEMBLE.—MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE.

Replying, we sing
 As one individual,
 As I find I'm a king
 To my kingdom I bid you all.
 I'm aware you object
 To pavilions and palaces,
 But you'll find I respect
 Your Republican fallacies ?

CHORUS.

As they know we object
 To pavilions and palaces,
 How can they respect
 Our Republican fallacies,

SONG.

MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE.

For every one who feels inclined,
 Some post we undertake to find
 Congenial with his peace of mind—
 And all shall equal be.

The Chancellor in his peruke—
 The Earl, the Marquis, and the Dook,
 The Groom, the Butler and the Cook—
 They all shall equal be.

The Aristocrat who banks with Coutts,
 The Aristocrat who hunts and shoots,
 The Aristocrat who cleans our boots—
 They all shall equal be !

The Noble Lord who rules the State—
 The noble Lord who cleans the plate—
 The noble Lord who scrubs the grate—
 They all shall equal be !

The Lord High Bishop orthodox—
 The Lord High Coachman on the box—
 The Lord High Vagabond in the stocks—
 They all shall equal be !
 Sing high, sing low,
 Wherever they go,
 They all shall equal be !

CHORUS.

Sing high, sing low,
 Wherever they go,
 They all shall equal be !

The Earl, the Marquis, and the Dook,
 The Groom, the Butler, and the Cook,
 The Aristocrat who banks with Coutts,
 The Aristocrat who cleans the boots,
 The Noble Lord who rules the State,
 The Noble Lord who scrubs the grate,
 The Lord High Bishop orthodox,
 The Lord High Vagabond in the stocks—
 Sing high, sing low,
 Wherever they go,
 They all shall equal be!

Then hail! O King,
 Whichever you may be,
 To you we sing,
 But do not bend the knee.
 It may be thou—
 Likewise it may be thee—
 So hail! O King,
 Whichever you may be!

MARCO and GIUSEPPE (*together*).

Then let's away—our island crown awaits me—
 Conflicting feelings rend my soul apart!
 The thought of Royal dignity elates me,
 But leaving thee behind me breaks my heart!

(*Addressing TESSA and GIANETTA*).

TESSA and GIANETTA (*together*).

Farewell, my love; on board you must be getting;
 But while upon the sea you gaily roam,
 Remember that a heart for you is fretting—
 The tender little heart you've left at home!

DUET.—TESSA and GIANETTA.

GIA.

Now, Marco dear,
 My wishes hear:
 While you're away
 It's understood
 You will be good,
 And not too gay.
 To every trace
 Of maiden grace
 You will be blind,
 And will not glance
 By any chance
 On womankind!

If you are wise,
 You'll shut your eyes
 'Till we arrive,
 And not address
 A lady less
 Than forty-five.
 You'll please to frown
 On every gown
 That you may see ;
 And, O my pet,
 You won't forget
 You've married me !

O my darling, O my pet,
 Whatever else you may forget,
 In yonder isle beyond the sea,
 O don't forget you've married me !

TESS.

You'll lay your head
 Upon your bed
 At set of sun.
 You will not sing
 Of anything
 To any one.
 You'll sit and mope
 All day, I hope,
 And shed a tear
 Upon the life
 Your little wife
 Is passing here.
 And if so be
 You think of me,
 Please tell the moon :
 I'll read it all
 In rays that fall
 On the lagoon :
 You'll be so kind
 As tell the wind
 How you may be,
 And send me words
 By little birds
 To comfort me !
 And O, my darling, O my pet,
 Whatever else you may forget,
 In yonder isle beyond the sea,
 O don't forget you've married me ?

CHORUS (*during which a Xebeque is hauled alongside the quay*).

Then away we go to an island fair
 That lies in a Southern sea ;
 We know not where, and we don't much care
 Wherever that isle may be.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Pavilion in the Court of Barataria.* MARCO and GIUSEPPE, magnificently dressed, are seated on two thrones, occupied in cleaning the crown and the sceptre. The gondoliers are discovered dressed, some as courtiers, officers of rank, &c, and others as private soldiers and servants of various degrees. All are enjoying themselves without reference to social distinctions—some playing cards, others throwing dice.

CHORUS.

Of happiness the very pith
In Barataria you may see :
A monarchy that's tempered with
Republican Equality.
This form of government we find
The beau ideal of its kind—
A despotism strict, combined
With absolute equality !

ENSEMBLE.—MARCO AND GIUSEPPE.

Two kings, of undue pride bereft,
Who act in perfect unity,
Whom you can order right and left
With absolute impunity.
Who put their subjects at their ease
By doing all they can to please !
And thus, to earn their bread-and-cheese,
Seize every opportunity.

MAR. Gentlemen, we are much obliged to you for your expressions of satisfaction and good-feeling. We are delighted, at any time to fall in with sentiments so charmingly expressed.

GIU. At the same time there is just one little grievance that we should like to ventilate.

ALL (*angrily*). What !

GIU. Don't be alarmed—it's not serious. It is arranged that, until it is decided which of us two is the actual King, we are to act as one person.

GIORGIO. Exactly.

GIU. Now, although we act as one person, we are, in point of fact two persons.

TOMMASO. Ah, I don't think we can go into that. It is a legal fiction, and legal fictions are solemn things. Situated as we are, we, can't recognize two independent responsibilities.

GIU. No; but you can recognize two independent appetites. It's all very well to say we act as one person, but when you supply us with only one ration between us, I should describe it as a legal fiction carried a little too far.

TOM. It's rather a nice point. I don't like to express an opinion off-hand. Suppose we reserve it for argument before the Supreme Court

MAR. Yes, but what are we to do in the meantime?

TOM. I think they may take their double rations, if they give bonds?

GIOR. That, I think, will meet the case. But you must work hard—stick to it—nothing like work.

GIU. Oh, certainly. We quite understand that a man who holds the magnificent position of King should do something to justify it. We are called "Your Majesty," we are allowed to buy ourselves magnificent clothes, our subjects frequently nod to us in the streets, the sentries always return our salutes, and we enjoy the inestimable privilege of heading the subscriptions to all the principal charities. In return for these advantages the least we can do is to make ourselves useful about the Palace.

SONG.—GIUSEPPE.

Rising early in the morning,
 We proceed to light our fire,
 Then our Majesty adorning
 In its work-a-day attire,
 We embark without delay
 On the duties of the day.
 First, we polish off some batches
 Of political despatches,
 And foreign politicians circumvent.
 Then, if business isn't heavy,
 We may hold a Royal *levée*,
 Or ratify some Acts of Parliament.
 Then we probably review the household troops—
 With the usual "Shaloo humps!" and "Shaloo hoops!"
 Or receive with ceremonial and state
 An interesting Eastern potentate.
 After that we generally
 Go and dress our private *valet*—
 (It's a rather nervous duty—he's a touchy little man)—
 Write some letters literary
 For our private secretary—
 He is shaky in his spelling, so we help him if we can.
 Then, in view of cravings inner,
 We go down and order dinner;

Then we polish the Regalia and the Coronation plate—
 Spend an hour in titivating
 All our Gentlemen-in-Waiting;
 Or we run on little errands for the Ministers of State.
 Oh, philosophers may sing
 Of the troubles of a King;
 Yet the duties are delightful and the privileges great;
 But the privilege and pleasure
 That we treasure beyond measure
 Is to run on little errands for the Ministers of State!
 After luncheon (making merry
 On a bun and glass of sherry),
 If we've nothing in particular to do,
 We may make a Proclamation,
 Or receive a Deputation—
 Then we possibly create a Peer or two.
 Then we help a fellow-creature on his path
 With the Garter or the Thistle or the Bath.
 Or we dress and toddle off in semi-State
 To a festival, a function, or a *fête*.
 Then we go and stand as sentry
 At the Palace (private entry),
 Marching hither, marching thither, up and down and to and fro,
 While the warrior on duty
 Goes in search of beer and beauty
 (And it generally happens that he hasn't far to go).
 He relieves us, if he's able,
 Just in time to lay the table,
 Then we dine and serve the coffee, and at half-past twelve or one,
 With a pleasure that's emphatic,
 We retire to our attic
 With the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done!
 Oh, philosophers may sing
 Of the troubles of a King,
 But of pleasures there are many and of troubles there are none;
 And the culminating pleasure
 That we treasure beyond measure
 Is the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done!

[*Exeunt all but MARCO and GIUSEPPE.*]

GIU. Yet it really is a very pleasant existence. They're all so extraordinarily kind and considerate. You don't find them wanting to do this, or wanting to do that, or saying "It's my turn now." No, they let us have all the fun to ourselves, and never seem to grudge it.

MAR. It makes one feel quite selfish. It almost seems like taking advantage of their good nature.

GIU. How nice they were about the double rations.

MAR. Most considerate. Ah! there's only one thing wanting to make us thoroughly comfortable—the dear little wives we left behind us three months ago.

GIU. It is dull without female society. We can do without every thing else, but we can't do without that.

MAR. And if we have that in perfection, we have everything. There is only one recipe for perfect happiness.

GIU. What's that?

MAR. Listen ! I'll tell you.

SONG—MARCO.

Take a pair of sparkling eyes,
 Hidden, ever and anon,
 In a merciful eclipse—
 Do not heed their mild surprise—
 Having passed the Rubicon.
 Take a pair of rosy lips ;
 Take a figure trimly planned—
 Such as admiration whets
 (Be particular in this ;)
 Take a tender little hand,
 Fringed with dainty fingerettes,
 Press it—in parenthesis ;
 Take all these, you lucky man—
 Take and keep them, if you can !
 Take a pretty little cot—
 Quite a miniature affair—
 Hung about with trellised vine.
 Furnish it upon the spot
 With the treasures rich and rare
 I've endeavored to define.
 Live to love and love to live—
 You will ripen at yourease,
 Growing on the sunny side—
 Fate has nothing more to give.
 You're a dainty man to please
 If you are not satisfied.
 Take my counsel, happy man ;
 Act upon it, if you can !

(Enter Chorus of Contadine, running in, led by FIAMETTA and GIULIA. They are met by all the Ex-Gondoliers, who welcome them heartily.)

CHORUS OF CONTADINE.

Here we are, at the risk of our lives,
 From ever so far, and we've brought your wives—
 And to that end we've crossed the main,
 And we don't intend to return again !

FIA.

Though obedience is strong,
 Curiosity's stronger—
 We waited for long,
 Till we could'nt wait longer.

GIU. It's imprudent, we know,
 But without your society
 Existence was slow,
 And we long for variety !

ALL So here we are, at the risk of our lives,
 From ever so far, and we've brought your wives—
 And to that end we've crossed the main,
 And we don't intend to return again !

(*Enter TESSA and GIANETTA. They rush to the arms of GIUSEPPE and MARCO*).

GIU. Tessa !	}	<i>Embrace.</i>
TESSA. Giuseppe !		
GIA. Marco !		
MAR. Gianetta !		

DUET.—TESSA and GIANETTA. (*Alternate lines*).

After sailing to this island—
 Tossing in a manner frightful,
 We are all once more on dry land—
 And we find the change delightful.
 As at home we've been remaining—
 We've not seen you both for ages,
 Tell me, are you fond of reigning ?—
 How's the food, and what's the wages ?
 Does your new employment please ye ?—
 How does Royalizing strike you ?
 Is it difficult or easy ?—
 Do you think your subjects like you ?
 'I am anxious to elicit,
 Is it plain and easy steering ?
 Take it altogether, is it—
 Better fun than gondoliering ?

CHORUS. We shall all go on requesting,
 Till you tell us, never doubt it,
 Everything is interesting,
 Tell us, tell us all about it !
 Is the populace exacting ?
 Do they keep you at a distance ?
 All unaided are you acting,
 Or do they provide assistance ?
 When you're busy, have you got to
 Get up early in the morning ?
 If you do what you ought not to,
 Do they give the usual warning ?
 With a horse do they equip you ?
 Lots of trumpeting and drumming ?

Do the Royal tradesmen tip you?
 Ain't the livery becoming!
 Does your human being inner
 Feed on everything that nice is?
 Do they give you wine for dinner?
 Peaches, sugar-plums and ices?

CHORUS. We shall all go on requesting
 Till you tell us, never doubt it;
 Everything is interesting,
 Tell us, tell us all about it!

MAR. This is indeed a most delightful surprise!

TESS. Yes, we thought you'd like it. You see it was like this: After you left we felt very dull and mopey, and the days crawled by, and you never wrote; so at last I said to Gianetta, "I can't stand this any longer; those two poor Monarchs haven't got anyone to mend their stockings or sew on their buttons or patch their clothes—at least, I hope they haven't—let us all pack up a change and go and see how they're getting on." And she said "done," and they all said "done;" and we asked old Giacopo to lend us his boat, and *he* said "done;" and we've crossed the sea, and thank goodness, *that's* done; and here we are, and—and—I *ve* done!

GIA. And now—which of you is King?

TESS. And which of us is Queen?

GIU. That we shan't know until Nurse turns up. The question is, how shall we celebrate the commencement of our honeymoon? Gentlemen, will you allow us to offer you a magnificent banquet?

ALL. We will!

GUL. Thanks very much; and what do you say to a dance?

TESS. A banquet *and* a dance! Oh, it's too much happiness!

ENSEMBLE.

TESSA, GIANETTA, MARCO, GIUSEPPE, *and* CHORUS.

We will dance a cachucha, fandango, bolero,
 Old Xeres we'll drink—Manzanilla, Montero—
 For wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances
 The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!
 To the pretty pitter-pitter-patter,
 And the clitter-clitter-clitter-clatter—
 Clitter—clitter—clatter,
 Pitter—pitter—patter.

We will dance a cachucha, fandango, bolero,
 Old Xeres we'll drink—Manzanilla, Montero—
 For wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances
 The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!

CACHUCHA.

The dance is interrupted by the unexpected appearance of DON ALHAMBRA, who looks on with astonishment. MARCO and GIUSEPPE appear embarrassed. The others run off.

DON AL. Good evening. Fancy ball?

GIU. No, not exactly. A little friendly dance. That's all.

DON AL. But I saw a groom dancing, and a footman!

GIU. Yes. That's the Lord High Footman.

DON AL. And, dear me, a common little drummer boy!

MAR. Oh no! That's the Lord High Drummer Boy.

DON AL. But surely, surely the kitchen is the place for these gentry.

GIU. Oh dear, no! We have appropriated the kitchen. It's the Royal Apartment, and we permit no intruders.

MAR. We really must have some place that we can call our own.

DON AL. (*puzzled*). I'm afraid I'm not quite equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation.

GIU. You see, the Monarchy has been remodelled on Republican principles. All departments rank equally, and everybody is at the head of his department.

DON AL. I see.

MAR. I'm afraid you're annoyed.

DON AL. No. I won't say that. It's not quite what I expected.

GIU. I'm awfully sorry.

MAR. So am I.

GIU. By-the-bye, can I offer you anything after your voyage? a plate of macaroni and a Boston cracker?

DON AL. (*preoccupied*) No, no—nothing—nothing.

GIU. Obligated to be careful?

DON AL. Yes—gout. You see, in every Court there are distinctions that must be observed.

GIU. (*puzzled*). There are, are there?

DON AL. Why, of course, for instance, you wouldn't have a Lord High Chancellor play leapfrog with his own cook?

GIU. Why not?

DON AL. Because a Lord High Chancellor is a personage of great dignity, who should never, under any circumstances, place himself in the position of being told to tuck in his tuppenny, except by noblemen of his own rank.

GIU. Oh, I take you.

DON AL. For instance, a Lord High Archbishop might tell a Lord High Chancellor to tuck in his tuppenny, but certainly not a cook.

GIU. Not even a Lord High Cook?

DON AL. My good friend, that is a rank that is not recognized at the Lord Chamberlain's Office. I will give you an instance in which the experiment has been tried.

SONG.—DON ALHAMBRA.

There lived a King, as I've been told,
 In the wonder-working days of old,
 When hearts were twice as good as gold,
 And twenty times as mellow.
 Good-temper triumphed in his face,
 And in his heart he found a place
 For all the erring human race
 And every wretched fellow.
 When he had Rhenish wine to drink
 It made him very sad to think
 That some, at junket or at jink,
 Must be content with toddy.
 He wished all men as rich as he
 (And he was rich as rich could be),
 So to the top of every tree
 Promoted everybody.

MAR. & GIU. Now, that's the kind of King for me—
 He wished all men as rich as he,
 So to the top of every tree
 Promoted everybody!

Lord Chancellors were cheap as sprats,
 And Bishops in their shovel hats
 Were plentiful as tabby cats—
 In point of fact, too many.
 Ambassadors cropped up like hay,
 Prime Ministers and such as they
 Grew like asparagus in May,
 And Dukes were three a penny.
 On every side Field Marshals gleamed,
 Small beer were Lords Lieutenant deemed
 With Admirals the ocean teemed
 All round his wide dominions.
 And party leaders you might meet
 In twos and threes in every street
 Maintaining, with no little heat,
 Their various opinions.

MAR. & GIU. Now that's a sight you couldn't beat—
 Two party leaders in each street
 Maintaining, with no little heat,
 Their various opinions!

That King, although no one denies
 His heart was of abnormal size,
 Yet he'd have acted otherwise
 If he had been acuter.

The end is easily foretold,
 When every blessed thing you hold
 Is made of silver, or of gold,
 You long for simple pewter

When you have nothing else to wear
But cloth of gold and satins rare,
For cloth of gold you cease to care—

Up goes the price of shoddy.
In short, whoever you may be,
To this conclusion you'll agree,
When everyone is somebody,
Then no one's anybody!

MAR. & GIU. Now that's as plain as plain can be,
To this conclusion we agree—
When every one is somebody,
Then no one's anybody!

(TESSA and GIANETTA enter unobserved. The two girls, impelled by curiosity, remain listening at the back of the stage.)

DON. AL. And now I have some important news to communicate. His Grace the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Her Grace the Duchess, and their beautiful daughter Casilda—I say their beautiful daughter Casilda—have arrived at Barataria, and may be here at any moment.

MAR. The Duke and Duchess are nothing to us.

DON. AL. But the daughter—the beautiful daughter! Aha! Oh, you're a lucky fellow, one of you!

GIU. I think you're a very incomprehensible old gentleman.

DON. AL. Not a bit—I'll explain. Many years ago when you (which ever you are) were a baby, you (whichever you are) were married to a little girl who has grown up to be the most beautiful young lady in Spain. That beautiful young lady will be here to claim you (whichever you are) in half an hour, and I congratulate that one (whichever it is) with all my heart.

MAR. Married when a baby!

TESS. & GIA. (*aside*) Oh!

GIU. But we were married three months ago!

DON. AL. One of you—only one. The other (whichever it is) is an unintentional bigamist.

MAR. & GIU. (*bewildered*). Oh dear me!

TESS. & GIA. (*coming forward*). Well, upon my word!

DON. AL. Eh? Who are these young people?

TESS. Who are we? Why their wives, of course. We've just arrived.

DON. AL. Their wives! Oh dear, this is very unfortunate. Oh dear, this complicates matters! Dear, dear, what will the Duke say?

GIA. And do you mean to say that one of these Monarchs was already married?

TESS. And that neither of us will be a Queen?

DON. AL. That is the idea I intended to convey. (TESSA and GIANETTA begin to cry.)

GIU. (*to TESSA*). Tessa, my dear, dear child—

TESS. Get away! perhaps it's you!

MAR. (*to GIA*). My poor, poor little woman !

GIA. Don't ! Who knows whose husband you are ?

TESS. And pray, why didn't you tell us all about it before they left Venice ?

DON AL. Because if I had, no earthly temptation would have induced these gentlemen to leave two such extremely fascinating and utterly irresistible little ladies ? (*Aside*) Neatly put !

TESS. There's something in that.

DON AL. I may mention that you will not be kept long in suspense, as the old lady who nursed the Royal child is at present in the Torture Chamber, waiting for me to interview her.

GIU. Poor old girl. Hadn't you better go and put her out of her suspense ?

DON AL. Oh no—there's no hurry—she's all right. She has all the illustrated papers. However, I'll go and interrogate her, and, in the meantime, may I suggest the absolute propriety of your regarding yourselves as single young ladies ? *Exit DON ALHAMBRA.*

TESS. Well, here's a pleasant state of things !

MAR. Delightful. One of us is married to two young ladies, and nobody knows which ; and the other is married to one young lady whom nobody can identify !

GIA. And one of us is married to one of you, and the other is married to nobody.

TESS. But which of you is married to which of us, and what's to become of the other ? (*about to cry*).

GIU. It's quite simple. Two husbands have managed to acquire three wives. Three wives—two husbands (*reckoning up*). That's two-thirds of a husband to each wife.

TESS. O Mount Vesuvius, here we are in arithmetic ! My good sir, one can't marry a vulgar fraction !

GIU. You've no right to call me a vulgar fraction.

MAR. We are getting rather mixed. The situation is entangled. Let's try and comb it out.

QUARTETTE.—MARCO, GIUSEPPE, TESSA, GIANETTA.

ENSEMBLE.

In a contemplative fashion
 And a tranquil frame of mind,
 Free from every kind of passion,
 Some solution let us find.
 Let us grasp the situation,
 Solve the complicated plot—
 Quiet, calm deliberation
 Disentangles every knot.

TESS. I, no doubt, Giuseppe wedded— THE OTHERS. In a contemptive fashion, &c.
That's, of course, a slice of luck.
He is rather dunder-headed,
Still distinctly he's a duck.

GIA. I, a victim too of Cupid,
Marco married—that is clear.
He's particularly stupid,
Still distinctly, he's a dear.

THE OTHERS. Let us grasp
[the situation, &c.]

MAR. To Gianetta I was mated ;
I can prove it in a trice :
Though her charms are overrated
Still I own she's rather nice.

THE OTHERS. In a contempt-
[plative fashion, &c.

GIU. I to Tessa, willy-nilly,
All at once a victim fell.
She is what is called a silly,
Still she answers pretty well.

THE OTHERS. Let us grasp
[the situation, &c.

MAR. Now when we were pretty babies
Some one married us, that is clear—
GIA. And if I can catch her
I'll pinch her and scratch her,
And send her away with a flea in her ear.

GIU. He, whom that young lady married,
To receive her can't refuse.

TESS. If I overtake her
I'll warrant I'll make her
To shake in her aristocratical shoes !

GIA. (*to* TESS). If she married Ginseppe
You and he will have to part—

TESS. (*to GIAN*). If I have to do it
I'll warrant she'll rue it—
I'll teach her to marry the man of my heart!

TESS. (*to GIA*). If she married Messer Marco
You're a spinster, that is plain—

GIA. (to TESS). No matter—no matter
If I can get at her
I doubt if her mother will know her again!

ALL Quiet, calm deliberation
Disentangles every knot!

[*Exeunt, pondering.*]

MARCH. *Enter procession of Retainers, heralding approach of DUKE, DUCHESS, and CASILDA. All three are now dressed with the utmost magnificence.*

CHORUS.

With ducal pomp and ducal pride
(Announce these comers,
O ye kettle-drummers) !
Comes Barataria's high-born bride.
(Ye sounding cymbals clang) !

She comes to claim the Royal hand—
 (Proclaim their Graces,
 O ye double basses)!
 Of the King who rules this goodly land.
 (Ye brazen brasses bang,!

DUKE. This polite attention touches
 Heart of Duke and heart of Duchess,
 DUCH. Who resign their pet
 With profound regret.
 DUKE. She of beauty was a model
 When a tiny tiddle-toddle
 DUCH. And at twenty-one
 She's excelled by none!
 ALL. With ducal pomp and ducal pride, &c.

DUKE (*to his attendants*). Be good enough to inform His Majesty that His Grace the Duke of Plazo-Toro, Limited, has arrived, and begs—

CAS. Desires—

DUCH. Demands—

DUKE. And demands an audience. (*Exeunt attendants*). And now, my child, prepare to receive the husband to whom you were united under such interesting and romantic circumstances.

CAS. But which is it? There are two of them!

DUKE. It is true that at present His Majesty is a double gentleman; but as soon as the circumstances of his marriage are ascertained, he will, *ipso facto*, boil down to a single gentleman—thus presenting a unique example of an individual who becomes a single man and a married man by the same operation.

DUCH. (*severely*). I have known instances in which the characteristics of both conditions existed concurrently in the same individual.

DUKE. Ah, he couldn't have been a Plazo-Toro.

CAS. Well, whatever happens, I shall of course be a dutiful wife, but I can never love my husband.

DUKE. I don't know. It's extraordinary what unprepossessing people one can love if one gives one's mind to it.

DUCH. I loved your father.

DUKE. My love—that remark—a little hard, I think? Rather cruel, perhaps? Somewhat uncalled for, I venture to believe?

DUCH. It was very difficult, my dear; but I said to myself, "That man is a Duke, and I *will* love him. Several of my relations bet me I couldn't, but I did—desperately!

SONG.—DUCHESS.

On the day when I was wedded
 To your admirable sire,
 I acknowledge that I dreaded
 An explosion of his ire.
 I was overcome with panic—
 For his temper was volcanic,
 And I didn't dare revolt,
 For I feared a thunderbolt !
 I was always very wary,
 For his fury was ecstatic—
 His refined vocabulary
 Most unpleasantly emphatic.
 To the thunder
 Of this Tartar
 I knocked under
 Like a martyr ;
 When intently
 He was fuming,
 I was gently
 Unassuming—
 When reviling
 Me completely,
 I was smiling
 Very sweetly :
Giving him the very best, and getting back the very worst—
That is how I tried to tame your great progenitor—at first !

But I found that a reliance
 On my threatening appearance,
 And a resolute defiance
 Of marital interference,
 And a gentle intimation
 Of my firm determination
 To see what I could do
 To be wife and husband too,
 Was all that was required
 For to make his temper supple,
 And you couldn't have desired
 A more reciprocating couple.
 Ever willing
 To be wooing,
 We were billing—
 We were cooing ;
 When I merely
 From him parted
 He was nearly
 Broken-hearted—

When in sequel
Reunited
He was equal-
Ly delighted :

So with double-shotted guns and colors nailed unto the mast,
I tamed your insignificant progenitor—at last !

CAS. My only hope is that when my husband sees what a shady family he has married into he will repudiate the contract altogether.

DUKE. Shady? A nobleman shady, who is blazing in the lustre of unaccustomed pocketmoney? A nobleman shady, who can look back upon ninety-five quarterings? It is not every nobleman who is ninety-five quarters in arrear—I mean who can look back upon ninety-five of them ! And this, just as I have been put on the market above par. Oh fie !

RECITATIVE.—DUKE.

To help unhappy commoners and add to their enjoyment,
Affords a man of noble rank congenial employment ;
Of our attempts we offer you examples illustrative ;
The work is light, and, I may add, its most remunerative !

DUET—DUKE and DUCHESS.

DUKE.	Small titles and orders For Mayors and Recorders I get—and they're highly delighted—
DUCH.	They're highly delighted !
DUKE.	M. P.'s baronetted, Sham Colonels gazetted, And second-rate Aldermen knighted—
DUCH.	Yes, Aldermen knighted.
DUKE.	Foundation stone laying I find very paying : It adds a large sum to my makings—
DUCH.	Large sum to his makings.
DUKE.	At charity dinners The best of speech spinners, I get ten per cent. on the takings—
DUCH.	One-tenth of the takings.
DUCH.	I present any lady Whose conduct is shady Or smacking of doubtful propriety—
DUKE.	Doubtful propriety.

- DUCH. When Virtue would quash her,
 I take and whitewash her,
 And launch her in first-rate society—
 First-rate society !
 DUKE,
 DUCH. I recommend acres
 Of clumsy dressmakers—
 Their fit and their finishing touches—
 Their finishing touches.
 DUKE.
 DUCH. A sum in addition
 They pay for permission
 To say that they make for the Duchess—
 They make for the Duchess !
 DUKE.
 DUKE. Those pressing prevailers
 The ready-made tailors,
 Quote me as their great double-barrel—
 Their great double barrel.
 DUCH.
 DUKE. I allow them to do so,
 Though Robinson Crusoe
 Would jib at their wearing apparel !
 Such wearing apparel !
 DUCH.
 DUKE. I sit, by selection,
 Upon the direction
 Of several Companies bubble—
 All Companies bubble !
 DUCH.
 DUKE. As soon as they're floated
 I'm freely bank-noted—
 I'm pretty well paid for my trouble !
 DUCH.
 He's paid for his trouble !
 DUCH.
 At middle-class party
 I play at *écarté*—
 And I'm by no means a beginner—
 DUKE. (*significantly*). She's not a beginner.
 DUCH.
 To one of my station
 The remuneration—
 Five guineas a night and my dinner—
 And wine with her dinner.
 DUKE.
 DUCH. I write letters blatant
 On medicines patent—
 And use any other you mustn't—
 Believe me you mustn't—
 DUKE.
 DUCH. And vow my complexion
 Derives its perfection
 From somebody's soap—which it doesn't—
 It certainly doesn't !
 DUKE.
 DUKE. We're ready as witness
 To any one's fitness
 To fill any place or preferment—
 A place or preferment.

DUCH. We're often in waiting
At junket or *fête*,
And sometimes attend an interment—
We like an interment.

BOTH. In short, if you'd kindle
The spark of a swindle,
Lure simpletons into your clutches—
Yes; into your clutches.

Or hoodwink a debtor
You cannot do better

DUCH. Than trot out a Duke or a Duchess—
DUKE. A Duke or a Duchess!

(Enter MARCO and GIUSEPPE).

DUKE. Ah! their Majesties. (*Bows with great ceremony*).

MAR. The Duke of Plaza-Toro, I believe?

DUKE. The same. (MARCO and GIUSEPPE offer to shake hands with him. The DUKE bows ceremoniously. They endeavor to imitate him.)
Allow me to present—

GIU. The young lady one of us married?

(MARCO and GIUSEPPE offer to shake hands with her. CASILDA curtsies formally. They endeavor to imitate her).

CAS. Gentlemen, I am the most obedient servant of one of you!

DUKE. I am now about to address myself to the gentleman whom my daughter married; the other may allow his attention to wander if he likes, for what I am about to say does not concern him. Sir, you will find in this young lady a combination of excellences which you would search for in vain in any young lady who had not the good fortune to be my daughter. There is some little doubt as to which of you is the gentleman I am addressing, and which is the gentleman who is allowing his attention to wander; but when that doubt is solved, I shall say (still addressing the attentive gentleman), "Take her, and may she make you happier than her mother has made me."

DUCH. Sir!

DUKE. If possible. And now there is a little matter to which I think I am entitled to take exception. I come here in State with Her Grace the Duchess and Her Majesty, my daughter, and what do I find? Do I find, for instance, a guard of honor to receive me? No. The town illuminated? No. Refreshment provided? No. A Royal salute fired? No. Triumphal arches erected? No. The bells set ringing? Yes—one—the Visitors', and I rang it myself. It is not enough.

GIU. Upon my honor, I'm very sorry; but, you see, I was brought up in a gondola, and my ideas of politeness are confined to taking off my hat to my passengers when they tip me.

DUCH. That's all very well, but it is not enough.

GIU. I'll take off anything else in reason.

DUKE. But a Royal Salute to my daughter—it costs so little.

CAS. Papa, I don't want a salute.

GIU. My dear sir, as soon as we know which of us is entitled to take that liberty she shall have as many salutes as she likes.

MAR. As for guards of honor and triumphal arches, you don't know our people—they wouldn't stand it.

GIU. They are very off-hand with us—very off-hand indeed.

DUKE. Oh, but you mustn't allow that—you must keep them in proper discipline, you must impress your Court with your importance. You want deportment—carriage—manner—dignity. There must be a good deal of this sort of thing—(*business*)—and a little of this sort of thing—(*business*)—and possibly just a *souçon* of this sort of thing!—(*business*)—and so on. Oh, it's very useful, and most effective. Just attend to me. You are a King—I am a subject. Very good—

QUINTETTE.

DUKE, DUCHESS, CASILDA, MARCO, GIUSEPPE.

DUKE. I am a courtier grave and serious
Who is about to kiss your hand :
Try to combine a pose imperious
With a demeanor nobly bland.

MAR. & GIU. Let us combine a pose imperious
With a demeanor nobly bland.

(MARCO and GIUSEPPE endeavor to carry out his instructions).

DUKE. That's, if anything, *too* unbending—
Too aggressively stiff and grand ;
(*They suddenly modify their attitudes*).
Now to the other extreme your tending—
Don't be so dreadfully condescending !

MAR. & GIU. Oh, hard to please some noblemen seem !
At first, if anything, *too* unbending ;
Off we go to the other extreme—
Too confoundedly condescending !

DUKE. Now a gavotte perform sedately—
Offer your hand with conscious pride ;
Take an attitude not too stately,
Still sufficiently dignified.

MAR. & GIU. Now for an attitude not too stately,
Still sufficiently dignified.
(*They endeavor to carry out his instructions*).

DUKE (*beating time*).
Oncely, twicely—oncely, twicely—
Bow impressively ere you glide.

(*They do so*).

Capital both—you've caught it nicely !
That is the sort of thing precisely !

DUCH. & CAS. Capital both—they're caught it nicely !
That is the sort of thing precisely !

MAR. & GIU. Oh, sweet to earn a nobleman's praise !
Capital both—we've caught it nicely !
Supposing he's right in what he says,
This is the sort of thing precisely !

(GAVOTTE. *At the end exeunt DUKE and DUCHESS, leaving CASILDA with MARCO and GIUSEPPE.*

GIU. (*to MARCO*). The old birds have gone away and left the young chickens together. That's called tact.

MAR. It's very awkward. We really ought to tell her how we are situated. It's not fair to the girl.

GIU. Undoubtedly, but I don't know how to begin. (*To CASILDA*)
A—Madam—

CAS. Gentlemen, I am bound to listen to you ; but it is right to tell you that, not knowing I was married in infancy, I am over head and ears in love with somebody else.

GIU. Our case exactly ! *We* are over head and ears in love with somebody else ! (*Enter TESSA and GIANETTA.*) In point of fact, with our wives.

CAS. Your wives ! Then you are married ?

TESS. It's not our fault, you know. We knew nothing about it. We are sisters in misfortune.

CAS. My good girls, I don't blame you. Only before we go any further, we must really arrive at some satisfactory arrangement, or we shall get hopelessly complicated.

QUINTETTE.—MARCO, GIUSEPPE, TESSA, GIANETTA, CASILDA.

ALL. Here is a fix unprecedented !
Here are a King and Queen ill-starred,
Ever since marriage was first invented
Never was known a case so hard !

MAR. & GIU. I may be said to have been bisected,
 By a profound catastrophe !
 GIA., TESS., CAS. Through a calamity unexpected
 I am divisible into three !
 ALL. O moralists all,
 How can you call
 Marriage a state of unitee,
 When excellent husbands are bisected, .
 And wives divisible into three ?

(Enter DON ALHAMBRA, followed by DUKE, DUCHESS, and all the Chorus).

FINALE.

RECIT.—DON ALHAMBRA.

Now let the loyal lieges gather round—
 The Prince's foster mother has been found !
 She will declare, to silver clarion's sound,
 The rightful King—let him forthwith be crowned !

CHO. She will declare, &c,

(DON ALHAMBRA brings forward INEZ, the Prince's foster-mother).

TESS. Speak, woman, speak—
 DUKE. We're all attention !
 GIA. The news we seek—
 CAS. This moment mention.
 DUCH. To us they bring—
 DON AL. His foster-mother.
 MAR. Is he the King ?
 GIU. Or this my brother ?
 ALL. Speak, woman, speak, &c.

RECIT.—INEZ.

The Royal Prince was by the King entrusted
 To my fond care, ere I grew old and crusted;
 When traitors came to steal his son reputed,
 My own small boy I deftly substituted !
 The villains fell into the trap completely—
 I hid the Prince away—still sleeping sweetly;
 I called him "son" with pardonable slyness—
 His name, Luiz ! Behold his Royal Highness !

(Sensation. LUIZ ascends the throne, crowned and robed as King).

CAS. (rushing to his arms). Luiz !

LUIZ. Casilda ! (Embrace).

ALL. Is this indeed the King,
 Oh, wondrous revelation !
 Oh, unexpected thing !
 Unlooked-for situation ! (*They kneel*).

QUARTETTE.—MARCO, GIANETTA, GIUSEPPE, TESSA.

This statement we receive
 With sentiments conflicting,
 Our thoughts rejoice and grieve,
 Each other contradicting ;
 To those whom we adore
 We can be reunited—
 On one point rather sore,
 But, on the whole, delighted !

QUARTETTE.—CASILDA, LUIZ, DUKE *and* DUCHESS.

LUIZ. When others claimed thy dainty hand,
 I waited—waited—waited—waited.
 DUKE. As prudence (so I understand)
 Dictated—tated—tated—tated.
 CAR. By virtue of our early vow
 Recorded—corded—corded—corded,
 DUCH. Your pure and patient love is now
 Rewarded—warded—warded—warded.
 ALL. Then hail, O King of a Golden Land,
 And the high-born bride who claims his hand—
 The past is dead, and you gain your own,
 A Royal crown and a golden throne !

DUET.—MARCO AND GIUSEPPE.

Once more gondolieri,
 Both skillful and wary,
 Free from this quandary
 Contented are we.
 From Royalty flying,
 Our gondolas plying
 And merrily crying
 Our "*premié*," "*stali* !"

ALL. Now good-bye Cachucha, fandango, bolero,
 We'll dance a farewell to that measure—
 Old Xeres, adieu—Manzanilla—Montero—
 We leave you with feelings of pleasure

CURTAIN.

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